THE CITY OF FATE

THREE hundred years ago a member of my family left England, and crossed the Irish Channel, to a then unknown country, to found there a new house. As a reward for his enterprise two things were bestowed upon him, a lordly inheritance by the Virgin Queen, and the sobriquet of The Adventurer by the world. Into what varying atmospheres, what strange surroundings, have I found myself drawn by the attraction of those men and women, scattered over the world, who for different reasons have engaged my attention and Invited my investigation.

Once I met a twentieth-century youth of London, who told me that the passion for probing unknown lives and investigating strange scenes had led him and a friend to pay nightly visits to Soho, and to enter unbidden any house whose door they found open. They reaped the recesses of Soho with a harvest of experience before which the thousand and one nights of Alf Laylah wa Laylah would pale,

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